

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1825.

[NUMBER 53.]

THE REFLECTOR.

RELIGION.

RELIGION! In that heavenly word,
What treasures all divine are stored;
Descending from the realms above,
Here abject man her errand love.

She comes to soften all our gloom,
Invite earth's wretched wanderers home:
Direct the path and lead the way
To fairer worlds and endless day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The appended letters are printed from a transcription, whether of the original or of a copy, it is not known: we have never seen them before in any shape, and although they may have been already copied into newspapers, they will be new to the greater portion of our readers.

William Canby to Thomas Jefferson.

8th mo. 29th, 1813.

Esteemed Friend, THOMAS JEFFERSON,

I have for years felt, at times, affection towards thee, with a wish for thy salvation, to wit, the attainment while on this stage of time, (in the natural body,) of a suitable proportion of divine life, for otherwise we know little more than the life of nature, and therein are in danger of becoming inferior to the beasts that perish, in declining the offer of divine life, made to every rational being.

But I have long had better hope of thee, and have thought, (particularly in our little quiet meeting yesterday,) that thou hadst been "faithful," (at least) "in a few things" and wish that thou mayst become "Ruler over more and enter into the joy of our Lord," and into his rest.—And it occurred in order thereto, that we should become Christians, "for he that hath not the spirit of Christ, is none of his," and this knowledge is strongly insisted on, I think, by divers of the Apostles, who had particularly seen and were eye-witnesses of His majesty, particularly in the Mount, and of others who had not that view, which, however, was sufficient to perfect them, and was to be taken away, that they might be more effectually turned to that spirit which leadeth into all truth, whose power alone is able to reduce the spirit of nature into suitable silence and submission.

Thomas Jefferson to William Canby.

Sir,—I have duly received your favor of August 27th; am sensible of the kind intentions from which it flows, and truly thankful for them, the more so, as they could only be the result of a favorable estimate of my public course. During a long life so much devoted to study as a faithful transaction of the trusts committed to me, would permit, no object has occupied more of my consideration than our relations, with all the beings around us, our duties to them and our future prospects. After hearing and reading every thing which probably can be suggested concerning them, I have formed the best judgment I could, as to the course they prescribe; and in the due observance of that course, I have no recollections which give me uneasiness. An eloquent preacher of your religious society, Richard Mott, in a discourse of much unction and pathos, is said to have exclaimed aloud to his congregation that "he did not believe there was a Quaker, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist in Heaven!"—having paused to give his audience time to stare and to wonder—he said, that "in Heaven, God knew no distinction, but considered all good men as his children and as brethren of the same family." I believe with the Quaker preacher, that he who steadily observes those moral precepts in which all religions concur, will never be questioned at the gates of Heaven, as to the dogmas at which they differ; that on entering there, all these are left behind us: the Aristides and Catos, Penns and Tillotsons, Presbyterians and Papists, will find themselves united in all principles which are in concert with the reason of the Supreme Mind. Of all the systems of morality, ancient or modern, which have come under my observation, none appear to me so pure as that of Jesus. He who follows this steadily need not, I think, be uneasy, although he cannot comprehend the subtleties and mysteries erected on his doctrines, by those who, calling themselves his special followers, and favorites, would make him come into the world to lay snares for all understandings but theirs; these metaphysical heads, usurping the judgment-seat of God, denounce as his enemies, all who cannot perceive the geometrical logic of Euclid in the demonstrations of St. Athanasius, that three are one, and one is three, and yet that there are not one, nor the one three. In all essential points, you and I are of the same religion, and I am too old to go into inquiries and changes as to the unessential.—Repeating therefore, my thankfulness for the kind concern you have been so good as to express, I salute you with friendship and brotherly love.

PRAYER—when unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted—the words of the one, without love, being as impossible as the oil and cotton of the other, without flame.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Statesman.

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL.—A FRAGMENT.

It was a dead calm: the sun beamed bright and beautiful upon the ocean, in sitting glory, and all life and animation had given place to that overpowering listlessness, which none can form any conception of, but they who have experienced a long-continued calm at sea.

I was leaning against the taffrail, gazing upon the dark waters below in that state of apathy, in which thought itself becomes almost too great an exertion, when, suddenly, a gentle breath of wind that swept along so lightly as to cause no ripple upon the glassy surface of the waveless deep, wafted to my awakened sense, a tinkling sound, like the ringing of a small bell at an immense distance. The unusual circumstance aroused my dormant faculties, and I listened with breathless attention; but the slaw had passed, and all was again silent and death-like.

I remained upon the same spot nearly an hour, but it came not again; and at length, overcome with drowsiness, I retired to my berth. The next morning when I came upon deck, I found that the calm still continued, and the Captain was of opinion that it would last some days. I mentioned to him the incident that had attracted my attention; but he laughed, and said I had been dreaming. He knew we were too far from land for any sound to reach us, and no vessel he said, could have been near enough for me to hear the ringing of the bell, without also being in sight. The mate agreed with him, but I observed one weather-beaten tar, who was standing near, to shake his head doubtfully, and his rugged countenance betrayed great anxiety; but he said nothing. The morning passed away, and still the sea was untroubled by any breeze. After dinner, to while away the tedious hours, the Captain and I sat down upon the quarter-deck to cards. We had scarcely commenced playing, when I was startled by hearing the same bell-like tones, so faint and far, that "nothing lived 'twixt them and silence." I called to the Captain to listen; he sat a moment without speaking, and then started up, exclaiming, "I hear it too." The sailors seemed to have noticed it also, for they were hushed and listening. The Captain went aloft with his glass, and looked in every direction. "I hear it," said he, "distinctly, but I can see nothing; it cannot be from shore, for we are more than fifty leagues from any land." The attention of all on board was now fully awake. The sailors stood upon the fore-castle in anxious groups, all but the old man, the singular expression of whose features I had remarked in the morning. He sat alone upon the windlass, with his hands folded, and his eyes intently fixed upon the deck—but still he spoke not. Various conjectures were hazarded among us; but none that satisfactorily accounted for the noise. The afternoon passed, and the sun again set, while the tinkling sound still came floating over the waters. It was late before sleep closed my eyes that night. When the morning of the next day dawned, the Captain went again to the mast-head with his glass, but no sail appeared upon the horizon—yet still the ceaseless bell was plainly to be heard, while not a breath of wind was to be felt. Noon came, and still the calm continued, and the sound approached nearer and nearer, when on a sudden, the Captain from the top cried out, "I see it now, but what it is God only knows: it does not look like any craft that ever the hand of man fashioned." We all rushed to the fore-castle, and in silence awaited the approach of this strange navigator. It came careering over the waters with a rapid motion, and as it drew near, exhibited to our wandering gaze a single black mast, rising from the centre of what seemed a square and solid block of wood, but without yard or sail, nor did any living creature appear upon it. I proposed to take the boat and board it; but the sailors shook their heads, and the Captain was silent. Determined to discover the meaning of this phenomenon, I jumped into the boat, intending to scull towards it, when the old sailor, seeing my resolution, declared that he would go with me; and the Captain after a moment's hesitation, also joined us. We rowed swiftly onwards to meet the object of our curiosity, which was now within half a mile of the ship, and in a few minutes, were sufficiently near to perceive the bell, the ringing of which had announced its coming, at the top of the mast. It was green and rusty as if with age, and the sides of the non-descript barque were covered with barnacles, and tangled masses of sea-weed. Immediately beneath the bell, which still swung from side to side with deafening din, was attached a deep sealine, passing over the side and descending into the water. The moment our boat touched this strange vessel, the bell ceased to toll, and the floating mass became immovable. We gazed upon it, and upon each other in amazement; and at length, the Captain in a low and tremulous voice, proposed to return; but the sailor said "no!" It was an evil hour when we met this accursed!—(his voice sunk, and I could not distinguish what he uttered.) "but we have met it, and we must not leave it thus. Let us haul upon this line." We did so for nearly 20 minutes, but with great difficulty, for it seemed as if some ponderous body at the extremity, resisted our efforts.

At length the profound stillness that had hitherto prevailed amongst us, was broken by the Captain, who looked down into the water, and exclaimed, "Great God! what have we here?" We followed with our eyes the motion of his hand, and saw a large object glistening white beneath the waves, and appearing like a gigantic corpse, wrapped in a white cloth and bound with cords. "Now may Heaven shield us," said the seaman, in a husky voice, "it is the shrouded Demon of the Sea." As he spoke, he drew his knife from his belt, and in an instant severed the line. The body turned, its white sides flashing through the dark waters, and with the rapidity of lightning, disappeared from our view.

FROM THE BOSTON SPECTATOR.

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

The battle of Brandywine was fought on the eleventh of September, 1777; and lasted all the day long. It was a bloody affair to us, and had well nigh been fatal to Greene and Sullivan.

We had been in the saddle about four hours, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hand, examined our points, pistols, and furniture, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly, and long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west; our horses, in number about four hundred, standing as patiently as so many marble creatures—until, just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate; and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave, like a great curtain, upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot—(I happened to turn and saw the tall Pole, [Pulaski,] bareheaded, tilting about his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, for the noble carriage of the man—the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation; it might be, in the awful employment of devotion—or—in the more earthward one, of martial observation. But suddenly, he reigned up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap—replaced it, and leaped, headlong, down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and, the next moment, a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf thrown up by a cannon ball that struck within a hundred yards of the place that he had just left. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound; and, all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance.

Pulaski unsheathed his sword—called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one, under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, like a dark, solid mass, in a direction toward Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the horse that we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting, for a whole hour, the sound of conflict; at last, a heavy volley rattled along the sky—a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum-heads. The whole air rang with it; another, and another followed, and then gradually increasing in loudness, and loudness, came peal after peal upon us, till it resembled one continual clap of thunder, rolling about an illuminated vapour.

But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general; and knew his duty too well, to hazard any movement, till he should be able to see with certainty, the operation of the enemy in the vapour below. Meanwhile, several little parties that we had sent out, came in, one after the other in full gallop, with the intelligence, that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back, again and again; but, that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river.

A thin vapour now rose from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then, a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard was raised above it—some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it—like a rocket.

About an hour after a horseman dashed through the smoke, on the very verge of the horizon—and after scouring the fields for a whole mile, within view, communicating with two or three others, who set off in different directions—one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall upon Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game: And Pulaski, whose war-horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stoney precipice, by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain, that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with Greene, who was posting, all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle; and,

the next moment, saw Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill, (upon which, the morning sun broke out just then, as if leaving the heavens for a while,) to the enemy's flank.

This arrangement would have been fatal to Knyphausen; but unluckily there was a stop put to it, almost in the very moment, when we were ready to fall upon him; man and horse, by the alarming intelligence, that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. There was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death of us. Greene was recalled; and Sullivan commanded to halt. Hardly had this happened, and our horses were covered with sweat and froth—fretting like chained tigers upon the bit; our men covered with dust, and blinded with the wind; and sun—for it was extremely hot and sultry—when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank; and Greene, whose division we had been attached to, was put in motion for the support of Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder-clap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, (as we supposed,) and fallen upon our right. I never shall forget Greene's countenance, when the news came; he was in the road-side upon a very steep bank—but he wheeled where he was—dashed down the bank—his face white as the bleached marble—and calling to us, to gallop forward for encouragement; without throwing ourselves into the enemy's power; put his division forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that they marched four miles in forty minutes; we held on our way, in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan, all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating, step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse—covered with blood and sweat; and striving, in vain, to bring them to a stand—while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences: and there stood awhile, upright in his stirrups, reconnoitring—while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and dust that rolled before them, in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts, but, at last, he saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled—the wind swept athwart their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke: he gave the signal, Archibald repeated it—Arthur—and myself. In three minutes, we were ready for the word; and, when Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger—it was half a minute—so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean! gracious heaven! my hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment—when I saw that we were galloping straight forward, into a field of bayonets—yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him? We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad and open before us, with a fall upon the right hand and the left—but not a bayonet or a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire, through my forehead when I recall the devastation we had made—almost to the very heart of the enemy's column. But Pulaski—he, who afterwards rode in their entrenchments, on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and, having broken over them once—aware of his peril, if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning, through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red Sea—but no! the walls had rolled in upon us, and we were left no choice, but to continue as we had begun. The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of joy; I remember how he passed me, again and again, reeking with blood—riding, absolutely, upon the very bayonets of the enemy; and at last, as they passed upon him—and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles—when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful mare, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of *succour! succour!* and felt the enemy give way—heave, this way and that, and finally concentrate beyond us: "Once more!" cried Pulaski, "once more!" and away he went again breaking in upon them, as they were forming! and trampling down whole platoons in the charge before a man could plant his bayonet, or bring his piece to an aim: and the moment, we were scouring over the ground, where I could see Archibald and Arthur battling it with four or five of the enemy's horse; but our aspect, as we came thundering round upon them, proved sufficient.—They took to their heels, and we brought them both off, unwounded—unhurt.

It was getting dark now, but the hour was that of sunset; when in this climate, the sky is like a mass of colored vapour floating over a bath. Greene was forming in our rear, with that fearful calmness, which boded a terrible time always to him that ventured upon it. The ground was favorable to him; and the half hour that the enemy lost by our charge, a mere handful, into his solid column, was of incalculable benefit to Greene; for his men were literally out of breath, and ready to drop down.

at the first onset. But, that half hour gave them an opportunity to see their commander's face, and hear his voice; and, from that moment, they would have stood their ground, though the heavens had rained fire upon them.

I have been in many a battle—many a one, that made my hair stiffen afterwards in my sleep when I dreamt of it—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful—the rush of blood and fire so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene; we were unable to strike a blow. The enemy imagining us, no doubt, to be much more formidable than we were, had edged in all his exposed points, by a rank of men, kneeling with pointed bayonets; and though we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces, yet not one of them shut his eyes, or fired a shot—but, where he knelt, he died; and his place was immediately filled by another, as resolute, so that we could not, the thing was impossible, repeat the blow that we had given.

But one thing happened, within my own sight and hearing, which nearly brought me to the ground, in terror and helplessness. Two horsemen had set upon me; and, while I was doing my best to return their visit, I saw that they were only a part of a squadron, whom we had not seen before, or who had but just been brought into action; and that several were upon Archibald, who, while I was looking upon him, reeled in the saddle, and took a blow, I thought, that cleft his head—for his bear-skin cap flew, and his horse broke from the encounter, and dashed off to the right; I followed, and soon came in contact with Weedon's Virginia brigade, which soon relieved me from all apprehensions on my own account; for the enemy fell before them, rank after rank, like flax in a blaze; they were supported by a body of the Pennsylvania militia, near the head of whom, I saw *La Fayette*; the reins all loose—wounded in the arm—his scarf shot away, and streaming in the wind—yet showing the same unaltered front; and leading the raw militia up to the very eyes of the enemy, while a sheet of fire scorched their faces.

ECONOMY.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

CUTTING OF RYE. This object is of such importance that I cannot conscientiously omit my endeavors to impress it on the minds of the community.

Rye ought to be cut as soon as possible after the milk is out of the berry or kernel: then rake, bind in small sheaves and shock in the following manner: set up four, five or six sheaves together according to their bulk; then place on a capsheaf.

In this position, the shocks may stand till perfectly dry; then secure them in a barrack or barn, but never mow them on hay. Grain mowed on hay will receive more or less must, which is deleterious to animals of every kind.

Rye cut and secured in this manner, is worth nearly double the price of that cut in the common way; the straw will make better fodder, than clover, unless the clover be cut when very green, and peculiarly attended in curing; the berry of rye will fill to a plump state, and the flour will afford as good bread as we commonly obtain from wheat.

I have known numbers of persons who were deceived, when eating rye bread made with flour from rye thus managed.

Those who are unwilling to receive agricultural knowledge from books need not spurn at this information; I was taught this method of curing rye and practised it at the age of eighteen; I am now sixty-nine and a half, and have always found it profitable and advantageous.

Westerlo, (N. Y.) May 25, 1825.

TO CURE THE PILES. Take hog's lard eight parts, mauls one part; pulverize the galls very finely, and sift through a fine sieve; then rub what comes through the sieve to a powder. Melt the lard, add the galls, and stir it till cold. Apply it to the parts affected several times a day.

Take from 20 to 30 drops of the balsam of Capiva on a little sugar, each night and the yolk of an egg immediately after it. The writer has never known this application made without success.—*Zion's Herald*.

BEN BROS. Of the various recipes for the extermination and prevention of these vermin, the following have been found by experience, the most effectual:

Take of the highest rectified spirit of wine, half a pint; newly distilled oil, or spirit of turpentine, half a pint; mix them together, and crumble into it an ounce of camphor, which will dissolve in a few minutes; shake the whole well together, and with a piece of sponge, or brush dipped into it, anoint the bed, or furniture, in which these vermin harbor and breed; and it will infallibly kill and destroy both them and their nits. Should any bug, or bugs, happen to appear after once using it, the application must be repeated, and at the same time some of the mixture poured into the joints and holes of the bedstead and head-board. Beds that have much wood-work, require to be first taken down, before they can be thoroughly cleared of these vermin; but others may be perfectly cured without that trouble. It is advisable to perform this work in the day-time, lest the spirit contained in the mixture take fire from the candle, while using it, and occasion serious damage.

Or, dissolve 100 grains of corrosive sublimate in a pint of brandy, or whiskey; use it with the feather of a quill.—*Dom. Encyclopedia*.

Caution.—A cow was killed in Portland, a few days since, by eating a quantity of paint.

FOREIGN.

PARIS, May 13.—Yesterday being the day fixed by the King for receiving the Duke of Northumberland, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary as his representative at the coronation, the Duke de Raguse, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, accompanied by his assistants, and the Baron de Lalive, introducer of Ambassadors, proceeded to the hotel of his Grace in three of the King's carriages, drawn by eight horses. Upon the Noble Duke entering the second carriage he was conducted to the palace of the Tuilleries through the triumphal arch of the Carroussel, from whence to the palace entrance two files of soldiers were drawn up. The royal carriages were followed by three carriages and six belonging to his Grace, in which were the gentlemen of his suite. Upon the Duke's arrival the drums beat and the troops presented arms. His Excellency was introduced into the presence of the King, who was seated upon his throne, having on his right hand the Dauphin, and on his left, the Dauphiness, the Duchess of Berry, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon. The grand dignitaries of the Crown were stationed around the throne. The Noble Duke was conducted by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and presented by the Introducer of Ambassadors; and was followed by his brother and eight gentlemen of his suite. After the audience of the King, his Grace was introduced to the Princes and Princesses, and then re-conducted to his hotel with the same ceremony as upon his arrival. Nothing can exceed the beauty of his Grace's horses, carriages, and harness. The coachmen, footmen, and postillions, twenty-five in number, wore splendid liveries, and had large bouquets. In the evening his Grace dined in the Dauphin's apartments, where a dinner of fifty-two covers was given in his honor.

It would seem, from the language of the French and Italian papers, that a Congress was about to be held at Milan, in which the affairs of the world were to be taken into consideration. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Naples had set out for Milan.

From Colombia.—Bogota papers to the 5th and Caribegena to the 28th May, have been received at New-York by the schooner Swift, in 24 days from the latter place. Two members of the Peruvian Congress who were sent with solicitations to the Colombian Government, in consequence of the victory over the Spaniards, had arrived at Buenaventura, and transmitted their despatches. Part of their commission was to solicit permission for a longer continuance of the Liberator in Peru, in order "that her last enemies may be extirpated, and her liberty and independence placed on the most secure foundation."—*N. Y. Statesman*.

Mexico.—It appears by intelligence received at New-Orleans, that the Agents of the Holy Alliance at Mexico, have caused much excitement there relative to the treaty which was signed in England, and which was then under deliberation in the Mexican Congress. It was rumored that by some secret article of the Treaty, the California had been ceded to the English government, though this rumor was denied by the Mexican papers.—*ib*.

The Mexican Congress have passed a law abolishing all titles of nobility throughout the confederation. A circumstance has lately occurred in Mexico, which tends to show that the people will no longer blindly and implicitly yield to the authority of the priests. A criminal who had assassinated six persons, fled for refuge to the church immediately after the murder; he was confessed and absolved by the priests who endeavored to protect him from the officers of justice. After appeals to both civil and ecclesiastical courts, he was sentenced to be executed, and was publicly shot.

From Havana.—Capt. Banks, of the ser. Princess Anne, at Norfolk on Sunday, in 7 days from Havana, informs the editors of the Beacon that every thing was tranquil there when he sailed. The U. S. frigate Constellation, Capt. Woolsey, which carried out Mr. Poinsett and suite to Vera Cruz, and the corvette John Adams, Capt. Nicholson, from Chagres, were at Havana.

Desertions among the British troops in Canada have become very numerous, and something of a spirit of discontent shows itself at times among the people.

Remarkable Case.—There is a person of middle age in the vicinity of Boston, who has nothing but the muscles and common integuments to cover or defend the heart on the left side of the thorax. The heart's pulsation can be seen distinctly, even pressing itself beyond the anterior side of the sternum. This is a great curiosity to the anatomist, and strikes those who are acquainted with the beautiful mechanism of this never tiring organ, with astonishment—as though every succeeding diastole would burst the heart, and sever the thread of life in an instant. The facts in relation to the case are simply these:—When the individual of whom we are speaking was a child, by some strange accident all the ribs about this part were badly fractured, but instead of uniting again, by a deposition of ossific matter, the absorbents took away the injured bone and none was afterwards formed, thus leaving the heart entirely unprotected. Even the puncture of a pin at this tender point would be his death, and yet he is apparently so careless of his existence, that he never has provided himself with any pectoral defence beside his common clothing.

Boston Medical Intelligencer.

DOMESTIC.

From the Buffalo Emporium, June 18.

THE EXECUTION.—The three Thayers who murdered John Love, are now no more; having been executed yesterday, agreeably to the sentence of the court, about three quarters past 1 o'clock P. M. It was nearly twelve when the prisoners left the jail. They were dressed in the usual manner of the male-factors, with white shrouds and caps. They were escorted to the gallows, erected at the west part of the village, near the Black Rock road, by the rifle company; the music playing a death march. We noticed that the prisoners kept time, and advanced platform, Rev. Mr. Fillmore made a short address, calling the attention of the multitude to the unprecedented spectacle before them, and soliciting the united prayer of every christian present for the unhappy men, who were in a few minutes to close their eyes on all earthly things. He then addressed the Throne of Grace—the prisoners kneeling and joining in the devotion. The prayer being finished he addressed the people from first Corinthians, x. chap. and part of the 11th verse,—in which he introduced the confession of the prisoners—the substance of which is now before the public. Mr. Fillmore having concluded—he was followed in prayer by the Rev. Mr. Story. Then came the parting scene. None that witnessed it will ever forget it. The prisoners rose; the ropes were adjusted; their arms were pinioned; their friends, consisting of clergymen and others, came to them, and gave the parting hand; among them, we noticed the Sheriff, Mr. Littlefield, who appeared to be solemnly and tenderly affected by the interesting and important part he held in the proceedings of the day; although he was the minister of justice, the feelings of the man were conspicuous. After parting with their friends, they took leave of each other, by shaking hands. It was a sight that touched every heart. The last they uttered were ejaculatory prayers—may they have reached Heaven! In an instant, the drop fell, and they were launched into eternity!—Nelson and Isaac died without a struggle—and but little was apparent in the case of Israel. A momentary shriek followed among the people, and all was still. The bodies hung about half an hour, and then were delivered to their friends; and we understood were carried to Boston for interment. The prisoners conducted with the utmost propriety.

It would be easy to swell this notice, by the suggestions presented to the mind in the awful spectacle which appeared before us; but we have no heart to do it; it must and will speak for itself. Suffice it to say, that the causes which brought these young men to the gallows, may be attributed to the want of parental religious instruction, and their neglect of education. How must these facts affect the hearts of parents! Had these youths been brought up "in the way they should go," we have no reason to believe they would have come to an ignominious end.

Nelson was 25 years old, Israel, Jr. 23, and Isaac 21. The two eldest have left wives and children, that will demand our sympathies. Their anguish is extreme. They have a sister, who on her last visit to them, was so much overcome, that she uttered shrieks, which reached every cell in the prison, and drew tears even in the hardy felons' eyes. Their mother, on the same occasion, left them in indissoluble agony.

The military who were called out, were Captains Matthews' and Vosburgh's troops of horse, Captain Gray's company of artillery, Captain Rathbone's rifle company; and Col. H. B. Porter's regiment of militia—among which we noticed Capt. Wilgus' and Palmer's companies. The conduct of the officers and soldiers is spoken of in high terms. The Buffalo Band added much to the solemnity of the occasion.

There are various calculations of the number of people who were present—being differently estimated, from 20 to 30,000. Although the multitude was so great, we have heard of no accidents.

A Wretched Deist and Murderer.—A gentleman in Salem, New-Jersey, writing to another in Bridgetown, gives the following account of William Sayre or Sears, the man who confessed that he murdered his wife, in Philadelphia, in the year 1810. "He confessed the fact and the inducements which led to the crime. Remorse of conscience led to the confession, and he expressed his readiness, nay desire, to suffer the penalty of the law. He is a firm believer in the non-existence of any state of future rewards and punishments, and states, that death will prove a relief from the hell which he has carried within his own bosom since the perpetration of the crime. He is a man of a very decent appearance, tolerably educated, and argues with a good deal of warmth and energy in favor of his deistical principles."

DEATHS BY DRINKING COLD WATER.—On Saturday, 18th ult. two men in Philadelphia came to their deaths by drinking cold water when in a state of high perspiration.

Two or three persons have died in the city of New-York in consequence of drinking cold water during the extreme warm weather of last month. On Sunday, 19th ult. two persons experienced the same fate neither of whom survived half an hour after drinking the fatal draught. A wood-sawyer, heated with work, went to a pump in Franklin-street, where he was employed on Saturday, 18th ult. and drank so freely as to occasion his almost immediate death. It seems scarcely credible, that the oft repeated cautions, and annual casualties from this cause, should be so fatally disregarded.—*N. Y. Amer.*

CASUALTY. On Sunday, 19th ult. a journeyman carpenter, named George Blake, said to belong to Dover, N. H. fell from the top of a four-story store in Broad-street to the brick-pavement—fractured his skull, broke one of his thighs, and received other injury. He survived the fall but a short time. This is the third serious accident that has occurred in that vicinity within the last ten days.—*Bost. Gaz.*

At Johnstown, N. Y. a colored boy, between 15 and 16 years of age, has been sentenced to death, for burning a house in which there were 5 small children, who narrowly escaped perishing in the flames.

An Epicure's taste.—At a court held for Berkshire, Mass. last week, a man was sentenced to two years confinement at hard labor in the State Prison for biting off the nose of a person with whom he had been fighting. He wishes for more such animal food, let him bite his own off.—*ib.*

Since our last, a letter has been received by a gentleman of this place from his correspondent in Washington, N. C. of which the following is an extract—

"We have positive accounts of seven or eight dead bodies found about New-Inlet, in a north-east state."

We have no additional information, which to form an opinion respecting this mysterious affair. The Edenton, Elizabeth City, and Norfolk papers are silent respecting it—a circumstance which induces the hope that the statement may be unfounded or at least greatly exaggerated.

The ravages occasioned by the gale of the 3d and 4th inst. have been disastrous and extensive. At Adams' Creek, South River, &c. &c. tire plantations were inundated, the crops destroyed, and great quantities of sheep, cattle, and poultry drowned.

At Ocracoke, where thirty vessels were lying upwards of twenty were driven on shore. Among them ser. Friendship, Bishop, from Wilmington, for New-York, put into the bar in distress, and sunk.

Extract of a letter dated,

"Adams' Creek, June 10, 1825.

"The storm has been very fatal to us, and all others in this part of the country. My father's loss is very great—a negro woman, 40 head of cattle, his hogs and sheep are drowned, and his crop entirely ruined. Richard Wallace's house has been swept away; in attempting to escape, his child was washed from his arms three times and his wife's life saved by means of a piece of plank to which she clung until relieved. I have lost 3 or 4 head of cattle, half of my hogs, a number of sheep, and my entire crop. The tide rose 1-1 feet."

MURDER.—A barbarous and shocking murder was committed in Randolph county, N. C. on the evening of the 31st ult. by a person called Jesse Upton, who, disagreeing with his wife, beat her shamefully with his fist, and finally terminated her existence by dashing out her brains with an sashen bench. The wretch made his escape immediately after perpetrating the crime and has not been heard of since. Several persons are in pursuit of him.

A man by the name of Shackford, committed to the House of Correction, in Boston, on Saturday 18th inst. as a common drunkard, died on Tuesday night following. The verdict of a jury was, that he died of intemperance. Might not his death have been the consequence of being suddenly and totally deprived of stimulating liquors?—*East. Cour.*

Caution against Premature Interment.—On Saturday evening Mr. Duffie, the Undertaker, was directed to attend at a certain house with a horse and carriage, to convey to the grave the body of a person who was supposed to have died at an early hour on that morning; but on his arrival at the appointed place, it was ascertained that the person was not dead.

N. Y. paper.

The Cocoon, Queen Beetle, or Queen Bug, from Havana, is still alive, at the Museum in Char-st. This astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus, furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer like that of the Fire-Fly, but give a steady light as the gas light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night, to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a large closet, in the day-time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light. But language cannot describe the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has endowed the Queen of the insect kingdom.—*N. Haven Her.*

St. Louis, May 13.

Sovereign cure for matrimonial difficulties.—A gentleman and his family a few days since ascending the Mississippi on board the steam-boat R. Putnam, an unfortunate difficulty took place between him and his wife. Unwilling to bear the frowns of the fair, or survive his captivity, he determined to put an end to the unnatural strife of love. Having deliberately snipped off his coat, he leaped into the river, was immediately carried under the wheels of the boat, and never after seen. Here we would have mourned with the widow, but she married the next day, and gave the world the strongest proof of her attachment to matrimonial life.

In Old Settler.—A living toad has been found in a pine tree cut down in the town of Italy, Yates county, N. Y. The tree was sound, and six feet in diameter. There were 116 circles between the bark, and where the toad resided. He is represented to have been very low in flesh.

Rapid reading and articulation.—On Sabbath day, May 16, 1825, says a New-Hampshire paper, Miss Polly Edgerly, of Gilmanton, N. H. daughter of David Edgerly, Esq. read vocally and distinctly, between seven o'clock in the morning, and five minutes before nine in the evening, the whole of the New Testament from beginning to end!

It is a curious fact that the ingenious rogue who metamorphosed the six into seven bank notes, paid all the slips upon leaves cut out of the Bible. For what purpose will scripture be quoted next?

Two large ships of 61 guns each are now building at N York for the Gov. &c. &c.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1825.

Well, courteous reader, contrary to all previous expectation, entertained by all such as would be considered prophets or even good at guessing, we have stood it a year!—And we now have the pleasure of presenting our (numerous) readers—but stop, we meant to have left out the word 'numerous'; but it is enclosed in a parenthesis, and the reader will omit it, as it will make much better sense—the FIFTY-THIRD number of our (truly excellent,) "flat and insignificant" paper.

We were well aware, that we commenced our career in rather "a squally time," and the course which we adopted being ostensibly that of a neutral, or in other words, neither a Republican nor Federalist;—(by the way, we should like to see both of them!)—and what was still worse, we had not made a bargain to support either of the four prominent candidates for the Presidency. To be sure, the wise man at Eastport said, that we were "established to assist Holmes & Co." As this was then news to us, we just inquired of him where he got his information? However he did not incline to tell us. And we now guess that he guessed at it; the same as some others did, that knew nothing about it. This course was not at all pleasing to many who professed to be our very good friends. We had abundance of counsel; (and you know, courteous reader, that Solomon says, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" many, very many times were we taken by the arm and led aside. But however, we have now got a President, and the political sea looks a little more calm; although the *knowing ones* say, that there is a storm coming in 1828-9,—which will send all adrift. However, we don't look so far ahead as that. Therefore, "none of these things move us."

In taking a retrospect of our past labors, we find that we have committed many errors even in guessing at things; but we have the consolation to know, that we have not led any astray knowingly. It has been our endeavor to publish on both sides of every question which appeared to us to be of general interest; and we are conscious of never withholding any thing from the public, on account of promises of favor or threats of punishment; although we have in some few instances displeased some of the would-be great folks of our county; and that so far as even to loose their support, not only as subscribers to our paper, but what is still worse for us, their advice and assistance! However, in order that our present subscribers may be put out of fear, lest our puny paper should run down, we would inform them that we have yet a "multitude of counsellors," who are 'ever and anon' at our elbows, ready to give us their disinterested advice, "in order to make our paper useful." And we now improve the opportunity to present them with our heartfelt acknowledgements for their attention; as we are fully persuaded that many of them have neglected their own concerns to look after ours. To a certain degree we are under particular obligations for their patronage; notwithstanding he tried to "beat us down" two years, in the price of a single paper—but, as he truly observed, "Cash is scarce, and he could borrow a paper of some one after they had read it," we allow the full force of his argument. But, lest we should make this article too long, we must be allowed to say, once for all, that to all and every one who have been so obliging as to work one paper rather than to subscribe for it, to take upon themselves the trouble of spending their time in reading its worthless columns, or to peruse our exchange-papers, at every leisure opportunity—we now to them, with hat in hand, make our lowest bow, and say, we are your most humble servants.

Perhaps it might be thought necessary by some, that we should make some few promises, as it respects the future course of our paper; but as we have not a very exalted opinion of promises generally, we think it best to say as little as possible on this point. We shall, however, endeavor to do as well as we can; alike regardless to threats or flatteries. We can only say, that our exertions shall not be wanting to make the *OBSERVER* amusing, at least to some; and we can assure our subscribers that we value their patronage as highly as any publisher of a newspaper whatever. And we now say to them, that whatever may be our political or religious opinions, they will not be published in the columns of our paper. We shall pursue what we term—a neutral course; believing the doctrine to be correct that was advanced by the Hon. Levi LINCOLN, Governor of Massachusetts, in his late message to the Legislature of that State, that—"the causes of former jealousies and divisions having been removed, or ceased to operate, the spirit of party has yielded to that of personal consideration and confidence. The union which is now manifest, has resulted from a conviction that the honest and patriotic of all parties have but a common interest, which is best to be promoted by a concentration of common efforts." To this very desirable object we shall endeavor to lend our efforts. But, should it ever be determined otherwise by us, our readers shall have due notice, that they may govern themselves accordingly. To such of our Correspondents as have from time to time furnished us with ORIGINAL and other matter, we now tender our acknowledgments; and we still hope to receive the continuance of their favors. But we would just observe, that every article which goes to impeach a body of men, or individuals in their public or private capacity, must be accompanied with the real name of the writer, in order to procure its insertion in the columns of the *OBSERVER*.

To the Editorial corps—who have exchanged papers with us—we feel grateful; and to such in an especial manner, as have sent us regularly, their semi and tri-weekly Journals. We must ask a continuance of their papers, and yet longer upon their generosity.

Some two or three of our brethren of the type have adopted our straggling brats as their own; which gave us considerable satisfaction—to think we could write a paragraph that another was willing to make his own.

Having thus far trespassed on the time of our readers, we must now bid them "good-bye"—until next THURSDAY MORNING.

Gen. LAFAYETTE.—This distinguished personage has visited our State. His reception at Portland, was splendid in the extreme. The addresses presented him on the occasion in behalf of the inhabitants of Portland, by STEPHEN LONGFELLOW, Esq. and by Gov. PARSONS in behalf of the State, were truly excellent; as was also the address of the Grand Lodge of Maine, delivered by WILLIAM SWAN, Grand Master, and that of the Grand Chapter, by ROBERT P. DUNLAP, Esq. He was also addressed in behalf of Bowdoin College, by President ALLEN; but neither of the addresses were so lengthy as the one delivered by Mr. Gallatin, of whose memory, who kept the General standing over an hour to hear it.

LITERARY.—Mr. GEORGE W. BAZIN, of Portland, has issued a prospectus for a Paper, to be published in that town, to be devoted principally to literature and science.

We give below an account of the weather on every fourth day of July, for twenty-five years past. The account was kept by a gentleman, on whose veracity we may depend, and who has been in the habit of keeping a journal of remarkable events, &c. during that time:

1800, July 4.	Very warm.
1801, " 4.	Fair and hot.
1802, " 4.	Fair and some cooler.
1803, " 4.	Pleasant weather.
1804, " 4.	Fair.
1805, " 4.	A thunder shower.
1806, " 4.	Good weather.
1807, " 4.	A little rain in the morning; continues cloudy; a thunder shower in the evening.
1808, " 4.	Cloudy and a little rain.
1809, " 4.	Fair.
1810, " 4.	Cloudy and foggy; a little rain just before night.
1811, " 4.	Very hot; the sun appears red.
1812, " 4.	Fair and dry weather.
1813, " 4.	Foggy in the morning; clears off hot. A thunder shower in the afternoon.
1814, " 4.	Some cloudy, and warm; rainy in the evening.
1815, " 4.	Fair, and cold N. W. wind.
1816, " 4.	Some cloudy; dry and cold N. W. wind; and dusty.
1817, " 4.	Foggy and cloudy in the morning; continues some cloudy.
1818, " 4.	Cloudy, foggy, and some rain.
1819, " 4.	Some cloudy, and a little rain.
1820, " 4.	Dry and hot weather.
1821, " 4.	Fair.
1822, " 4.	Fair and warm.
1823, " 4.	Smoky-like weather.
1824, " 4.	A drying west wind.
1825, " 4.	Warm and pleasant.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—I was very much pleased with the hit you gave the *Old Maids*, by publishing the Diary of one, written by herself, as 'Tittany' says. But, when you come to publish the description of the *Old Bachelor's Island*, and his Register, I thought you had no mercy on me, for you gave the *Old Maids* a complete triumph over me. And not only the *Old Maids*, but the married women and girls, I verily believe, are determined to thorn me to death; for whenever I meet one, 'tis "Here, here, (presenting to me the 'OBSERVER'); what say you now, Old Bachelor—for you have it here to a fraction. I think that some Old Maid has given you a pretty good rub." Thus I have it, Mr. Editor, from all quarters. Therefore it was well for you, Sir—that you, not your printer and types, were not within my reach when the first paroxysms of rage came upon me. However, I soon began to think, with the Fox in the fable, that there was no remedy for the present evil but patience. Thus consoling myself, I began to look about for some cause to make war upon the *Old Maids* generally, but found no good reason for an immediate attack; then recollecting their hopeless condition, and defenceless situation on the *Island of Despair*, I quickly abandoned the project. But I am determined to wreak my vengeance on the inhabitants of the *Island of Matrimony*; for I do sincerely believe, that some paltry puppy, who was shipwrecked on that Island, has been writing all this stuff about the *Old Bachelors*. It is deemed dishonorable for one nation to make war upon another without a formal declaration; with scribbles it may be otherwise. I intend, however, to make a descent upon the *Island of Matrimony*, as soon as I can collect a sufficient force; and I shall send you, Mr. Editor, an account of my various manoeuvres and success. Being considerably advanced in years, and sorely afflicted with the gout, I am fearful, without an able assistant, it will prove a hazardous undertaking. Do you not think, Sir, that I may get an introduction to and secure the favor of the famous 'Cimon,' who soars to the top of the mighty 'Polemos,' and descends to the lowest residence of 'Blue Devils'—seizes and hangs them in aerial regions, or bridges and rides them over burning sands and bridges 'till they cry out, in the last agonies of despair, 'O do forbear, great noble 'Cimon,' No longer use us for to rhyme on— And we'll no more your cranium climb on— As — do.

Such a mighty man of the quill would, I cogitate, ensure me a complete triumph. Or even the presence of 'Handy,' the ladies' lawgiver, would strike a dread upon my foes. 'Tittany' too, the great critic who scans the works of every scribbler in *Oxford*, tries them in the principle of Conceit with the mighty fire of his

genius, and exhibits them through the 'OBSERVER' to the world as mere dross; would secure to himself imperishable honor in the cause—for I anticipate a BRILLIANT VICTORY. OLD BACHELOR.

Paris, 1825.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—Having seen in your paper various hints and cogitations of others, and living as we do in a free country and having an undoubted right to think what we please, so I think we have an equal right to put our thoughts on paper. Therefore I have set myself down to devote an hour to that purpose.

When I see in your paper any useful hints, I always apply them to myself; and if they do not fit me, I think of somebody else they will.

When I see a man, who spends ninepence a day for rum, depend on borrowing of his neighbor your paper, which costs only threepence a week—I think he had better drop taking rum and take the paper. [So think we.]

When I see a man running from neighbor to neighbor each morning, and inquiring about the transactions of yesterday—I think his children will hear as much of his neighbors' faults as will do them any good.

When I see a girl, who thinks herself handsome, practising the arts of a coquette—I think it will be said, ere long, the 'biter is bit.'

When I hear a woman, who is a professor of religion, slandering the character of a person whom she has otherwise injured—I think she has forgotten the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

When I hear a married man boasting of liberties he has taken with girls—I think it is for their credit, not to appear in public with him.

When I see a young man suffer himself to be twice duped by one girl—I think of the old adage, "Bought Wit is good when not bought too dear."

When I see a man "all mouth and no ears"—I think he has got more tongue than brains.

When I see a man daily visiting his neighbors' kitchens, and joking with the hired girls—I think his boys will notice it when they are old enough—if his wife don't.

When I hear a very careless man often giving unasked advice to others—I think he had better take some of it to himself.

When I hear an idle man continually finding fault with his neighbors—I think he had better be planting corn, (in the season of it,) if the worms eat one half of it; and if they do, he can raise a crop of beans, which will fetch more in market than beans.

When I hear a middle-aged widower praising the beauty of a girl just out of her teens—I think of the Fox who extolled the singing of the Crow when he had a good bit in his mouth, which the Fox liked.

BLUNT THINKER.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 23.

Naval Court Martial.—Yesterday, we understand, the official order of arrest, with a notification to prepare for trial before a Court Martial, to be convened at the Navy Yard in this city, on the seventh day of July next, of which Commodore Barron is named as President. Of the nature of the charges and specifications preferred against Commodore Porter by Secretary Southard, accompanying the order of arrest, we are not particularly informed; but we learn from current report, in the neighborhood of the Navy Department, that the Foxard charge is measurably abandoned, and the main charge preferred in the present instance, is for officer-like conduct in making a premature pamphlet publication, embracing the proceedings of the late Court of Enquiry, and in transmitting the same to the President and the Navy Gazette.

Violent Gale.—We learn from Northampton, (says the Boston Weekly Messenger,) that a violent gale of wind visited that vicinity on Tuesday, 21st ult., which did a good deal of damage, particularly in demolishing the frame of the new meeting-house, which was partly erected. The following particulars are from a postscript to the Hampshire Gazette:

"Between four and five o'clock this afternoon, after more than one third of our papers were printed, this town was visited with a violent gale of wind, accompanied with heavy rain. We regret to state that the frame of the new meeting-house, the raising of which was commenced this morning, and nearly completed, was prostrated, and two men wounded. We fear that much damage has been done to the crops, &c.

Tuesday, 6 o'clock, P. M."

An unpleasant Situation.—On Wednesday evening a gentleman passing along Bank-street, discovered a man mounted on the top of the palisades, and endeavoring to get into the garden of the Bank of Pennsylvania. Finding himself discovered, he made a sudden jump, but his pantaloons were caught by the point of one of the palisades, and there he hung, dingle dangle, head downwards, feet upwards, till the watchman came and extricated him from his disagreeable situation. He complained that he was too sick to walk, and was carried to the watch house on a wheel-barrow.

The widow of the unfortunate *Iturbide* arrived here yesterday afternoon from Baltimore, via Philadelphia, in the steam boat *Thistle*, and has taken lodgings at Villagrand's, Park place.—This lady expects the arrival at this port of four of her children from Liverpool.

N. Y. Gazette.

Mr. Henry Clark, of New Boston, N. H., was passing Kendrick's Bridge, over the Souhegan river, on the 14th ult. with a wagon and a load of five tons, drawn by six horses, when the bridge suddenly gave way, and the wagon and five horses fell into the river, a distance of near twenty feet. Mr. Clark, who was driving the team, and one horse, escaped without falling. Only one of the horses which fell was seriously injured.

The Monument intended to be erected at Philadelphia to the memory of Washington, is estimated to cost \$97,000. It will be constructed of marble and will be 130 feet high; and its model is taken from that of the Choric Monument of Thrasylbulus at Athens. It is said that the corner-stone is to be laid by General Lafayette, early next month.

Two Choctaw Chiefs lately fought a duel at N. Orleans. One was killed, and the other according to the custom of his tribe, retreated, was shot by his companions, and both were buried in one grave.

Some.—The Philadelphia papers say that in the night of the 4th ult. during a cold storm, snow fell at one time so as to cover the ground. In New-York, they say, snow once fell in August.

MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. James P. Carter, of Bethel, to Miss Harriet Rawson.

On the 23d April, at the Abbey Church, Bath, England, Mr. Henry Tanton, ninety-five years of age, to Mrs. H. Galston, aged forty-seven. The bridegroom lived with his former wife 74 years, by whom he had seven children, the youngest of whom is sixty years old. This venerable sage, at the age of 93, wrote a book called the "Bible Traveller," now in circulation.

DIED.

In Londonderry, N. H. Col. Robert Wilson, aged 82 years and two months. At the age of 80, he held a breaking-up plough the principal part of the day.

In Poplin, N. H. Capt. Nathan Brown, aged 91, a soldier of the Revolution.—Mr. Jonathan Beebe, aged 90, for many years a noted preacher among the Friends.

In North Kingston, R. I. Mr. Charles Berry, in the 91st year of his age; a Revolutionary pensioner. Mr. Berry was in five campaigns in Canada, in the old French war, and at the taking of Crown Point, Montreal, Ticonderoga, &c. &c. from the French; and again in the year 1776, he enlisted in the service of the United States, and was in the ever memorable battle on Rhode Island, on the 28th day of August, 1778.

In St. Francisville, Mr. Henry Miller, blacksmith, killed by Mr. Henry Gaston, printer, in a quarrel. G. has been imprisoned.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY, the twenty-ninth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of BENJAMIN A. MORTON, in *Dirfield*, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which LUTHER I. CLOSSON has in and to a lot of land numbered four, in the town of *Mexico*, in said County, and is the same lot on which the said Closson now lives, and the same land which the said Closson mortgaged to Stephen Stone.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.

June 28, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY, the twenty-ninth day of July next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at BENJAMIN A. MORTON's store, in *Dirfield*, all the right in equity of redemption which WILLIAM BRACKETT, of *Peru*, has in and to the lot of land on which he now lives, in said *Peru*; Also lot numbered three, in the second range of lots, in *Lunt's Grant*, and the same which the said Brackett mortgaged to Silas Leonard, Jr.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.

June 28, 1825.

List of Letters remaining in the Post-Office, at Paris, (Me.) July 1st, 1825.

Capt. John Andrews; Chandler Cushman; William Churchill; Peter H. Clark; Benair Dow; Lewis Follett; Abel Gosson; Henry Hill; Mary Knight; Mary Libby; Joseph Lindsey; Simeon Norris; Samuel Paris, Esq.; Simeon Pond; Sally Pratt; Sally Rice; Martha Smith; Sally Starbard; Timothy Smith; Benjamin Stevens; Stalife Whightman; Nathaniel Young.

ASA BARTON, Assistant Post-Master.

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LOOK AT THIS!

BILLS on the HALLOWELL & AUGUSTA Bank, signed "THOMAS ARMY, President,"—taken at a discount at the *Oxford Bookstore*. Paris, June 7.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of Probate, of Wills for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of DANIEL BISBEE, late of Sumner, in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give Notice, that six months are allowed from the fourteenth day of June instant, to bring and prove their claims, and that they will attend that service at the dwelling house of Simeon Barrett, Jr. in Sumner, on the second Saturday in August next; the second Saturday in September next, and the second Saturday in October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

SIMEON BARRETT, Jr. } Commissioners.

Sumner, June 23, 1825.

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STRAYED.

FROM the subscriber, in Hartford, on the 20th instant, a red-grey four year old HORSE, with white hind feet—a strong made, high spirited Horse. Whoever will give information of the same, shall be generously compensated.

STEPHEN IRISH.

Hartford, June 22, 1825.

LOTTERY NOTICE.

THE Managers of the GUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY, have given notice that the drawing of the third Class of the experimental Scheme will take place in Portland, on the 30th of July inst. Persons wishing for TICKETS in the above Lottery, may be supplied, either by letter, post-paid, enclosing cash, or personal application at the *Oxford Bookstore*. Present price of Tickets—Wholes \$4 50; Quarters \$1 25; Eighths 62 1-2 cents, and Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents. Paris, July 7.

VARIETY OF BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Saratoga, a tale of the Revolution; The Island, or Christian and his Comrades. By Lord Byron.

Sternale's Stories, &c. &c. ALSO, FOR SALE, Life of Joseph; Life of Abel; Life of Spencer; Life of Mrs. Graham; Fanny Newell; Charlotte Temple; Brainerd's Memoirs, &c.

Take notice, an elegant edition of SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE—CHEAP. Newcomb's Observations on the conduct of our Saviour; The Minister's Companion, &c. &c.

ALSO, LAWS of the last Session of the Legislature. A good assortment of BOOKS for Schools and Social Libraries, which will be sold cheap. Paris, June 23.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
TO A BUD.

Whence camest thou, sweet bud? from off the limb
Of yonder spreading tree hast thou been torn
By the unthinking hand of careless childhood?
Or was thy hold so frail that the unsparring blast
Sever'd thy fragile form from the kind bough,
The fostering parent of thine infant life!
Then seemest helpless now as when the first light
breath

Of rosy Spring proclaim'd thy brief existence.
Thy meek head bows beneath the burning sun,
And every gale wafts thee about at pleasure;
Wholly regardless of thy silent grief,
And loud exulting in superior power.
Had fate continued thee upon the stem
Whence cruelty has torn thee, thou wouldst have
bloom'd

In Nature's liveliest green, and shed a fragrance
Pure as the soft air of morn, and sweet
As the expanding hopes of youthful hearts.
The shadow of thy leaves might have defended
Some hapless head from the meridian blaze,
And thus have render'd benefits to man,
Which, though unseen, would claim his gratitude.
Perhaps thou wouldst have form'd a chaplet fair,
To ornament some martial hero's brow,
Or crown the humble head of modest worth.
But all is over now—and saddening is the thought
That such must be thy final termination—
The leaf, the blossom, and the parent tree
Must all commingle in one solid mass.
Man too must fall—Then why lament the exit of a
bud.

GITHONA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"ONE THING IS NEEDED."

Religion's the one thing, and well 'tis call'd one,
For nothing is like it here under the sun.
Ambition, and avarice, and sensual joy,
Have nothing to satisfy—much that will cloy.
Religion alone, those bright joys will impart,
Which strengthen, enliven, and comfort the heart.
'Tis the "Pearl of great Price," and he is most wise,
Who seeks and who finds the inestimable prize.
'Tis the guide of the youth, and the solace of age;
Our best kind director, on life's busy stage.
In hope of the mansions of bliss in the skies,
Earth's fondest delights, fast fade in our eyes;
And when the grim messenger comes with his dart,
We fear not the summons—but cheerful, depart.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE SORROWS OF MAN.

How few the hours of joy here below
To sorrowing mortals given;
How many are the days of woe,
With which the heart is riven.
But few are free from sorrow's taint,
That tread beneath the golden sun;
Be it mine, this truth to paint,
In the dark course of one.

He was a goodly youth,
Yea, to look upon most fair;
And innocence, and truth,
Begu'd his heart from care.

His lofty soul was stung
With feelings of the noblest stamp,
And never from his tongue,
Came ought the heart to damp.

His new-born hopes were on the wing,
And stretching far away,
From youth's first spring,
To manhood's ripe day.

His youthful soul beat high,
With visions of the future hour;
Joy sparkled in his eye,
Round his heart spring many a flower.

But alas! these pleasures were not
Ere they were fully blown;
This goodly youth was stript
Of all the pleasure he had known.

For he most vilely was betray'd
By friends he thought sincere,
And earth he came a shade,
A solitude—to him most dear.

For some few years he sped
Along in lonely gloom,
Till wasted nature died,
He sank in silence—to the tomb.

VALENTY.

IMPORTANCE OF NAMES. A French work was published, a few years ago, under the title of "Dictionnaire Etymologique des noms propres et surnoms Grecs et Romains; par F. Noel, Inspecteur General, de l'Instruction publique, et Membre de l'Athenes de Lyons."

Amongst other curious and amusing matter, it contained a chapter upon superstition, with some details on what the learned are pleased to call the science of *Onomatology*, the origin of which is attributed to Enoch. This boasted science is nothing more than a mode of divining or ascertaining the destiny or fortune of any individual, by the letters of which his, or her name may be composed. Pythagoras, we are informed, had recourse to this method, when he constructed his wheel of fortune, upon which the letters, divided into twelve parts, corresponded with the twelve signs of the Zodiac. It is known that Pythagoras and his followers, were partial to great names, every letter, said they, had its particular numerical value—a proper estimate of which opens futurity to our view, and they accordingly held that we might discover or predict the events of a man's life, by calculating the numbers indicated by the letters of his name. He whose letters, when summed up, produced the greatest number, must prove the most successful, whether in a battle, a gaming match, a law-suit, or a love affair.

This is the principle—Take the letters of our alphabet in their order, thus: A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, &c.; according to which, we find that the name of Isaac amounts to 114; no wonder then, that he was beaten on the plains of Waterloo, by Wellington, who numbered 131—especially when it is considered, that Buonaparte, by omitting the u in the French name of his name, lost 22—whilst, on the other hand, Wellington, by an elevation from Wellesley, gained eight. Under such circumstances, the French Genl. must have inevitably been beaten, even by Mr. Wellington!

Who can be surprised that the attendant angel of Events, with his Gt. should triumph over that of Chance—giving the latter the advantage of his diplo-

hong; of that Mr. Canning, with his 62, should invariably be compelled to yield—as some say he does—to the superior power of Mr. Brougham, with his 35? But we will have nothing to do with politics, farther than to express our astonishment at the incessant triumph and success of Mr. Hume, whose "total of the whole" is no more than 48. This we suppose is an exception of the general rule.

How easily this correct and beautiful system enables us to trace the source of historic fame! It was by the force of letters, and their numerical powers, that Master Ditty, some years ago, with his 72, eclipsed the celebrity of Kemble, with his 48, and threw even the memory of Garrick, with his 67, into the shade; and that Rossini, with his 102, has superseded Mozart, with his 93, and extinguished Handel, with his 44; and that Freischütz, in its overpowering splendor of 136, has forever driven from the scene such pitiful tragedies as *Othello* & *Macbeth*, with their 87, & 50.

We hope and trust that, long ere this, our readers are fully convinced of the value and importance of names. It was by the strength of her name alone, not by that of her lungs or of her tongue, that Xantippe conquered Socrates.—It must have been a hard fought battle, for the lady mustered only 103, against her husband's 100.

The next Presidential Election will afford a fine opportunity for bringing *Onomatology* to the test. According to its rules, there can be no doubt of the success of Mr. Crawford, who has 88, while Gen. Jackson has but 73, and Mr. Adams only 58, to wit:

Crawford... 88 Jackson... 73 Adams... 58

[Poulson's Adv.]

The following account of an ingenious scheme devised by a mother to get rid of her child, is extracted from a French work, published upwards of 60 years ago, and the time of its accomplishment is said to be about 40 years before the book was printed.—"One day, as a certain priest was dispensing his blessings to children in a church at Paris, and as he was attended by a great crowd, a confusion prevailed at some distance from him, at an entrance door, which excited his attention and that of the spectators. The noise proceeded from the eagerness of a woman, who held a child in her arms, to get at the altar where the priest stood, saying she wanted him to bestow a blessing on the child she had with her. The people who were standing around immediately rendered her assistance, by taking the baby from her, and handing it to one another until it reached the priest, who bestowed its blessing in due form; which, as soon as he had concluded, the child was handed back in the same way it had been forwarded to him, but no mother was to be found, for she had contrived to glide away unperceived, when the priest was in the act of blessing her offspring. Diligent search was made to discover the authoress of the trick, but it was ineffectual, and the child became a burden to the church."

There are some characters whose bias it is impossible to calculate, and out whose probable conduct we cannot hazard the slightest prognostication; they often evince energy in the merest trifles, and appear listless and indifferent on occasions of the greatest interest and importance; one would suppose they had been dipped in the fountain of Hammon, whose waters, according to Diodorus, are cold by day, and hot only by night!

Of the professions it may be said that soldiers are becoming too popular, persons too lazy, physicians too mercenary, and lawyers too powerful.

An Inscription.—The following inscription is written in large characters over the principal gate of the city of Agra, in Hindostan:

"In the first year of the reign of King Julef, two thousand married couple were separated by the magistrates, with their own consent. The Emperor was so indignant, upon learning these particulars, that he abolished the privilege of divorce. In the course of the following year the number of marriages in Agra was less than before by 3,000; the number of adulteries was greater by 7,000; three hundred women were burned alive for poisoning their husbands; 75 men were burned for the murder of their wives; and the quantity of furniture broken and destroyed in the interior of private families amounted to the value of three millions of rupees! The Emperor re-established the privilege of divorce."

The Yankee Clinax.—The drawing of a rich prize in one of the late lotteries was the means of a Gentleman from the interior visiting Boston last week, who left behind him a genuine Yankee morose. Having received the money, he be thought himself of something to eat, and accordingly presented himself to the bar of a celebrated Hotel, and enquired of the landlord for a dinner; he was asked, as is customary, what he would have? when, after due consideration, he arose, and in the real spirit of the nation, said, "Well, I don't know, bread and butter is darn'd good I s'um."

A gentleman mistaking a very small lady, who was picking her way over a dirty channel, for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her in safety on the other side, when she indignantly turned up a face, expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty? "Oh! I humbly beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "I have only one amendment to make"—and he again caught her up and placed her where he had first found her.

A gentleman once bought a horse of a country dealer. "Now, my friend," said he, "I have bought your horse because I liked his appearance. I asked you no questions. Tell me now his faults: you know I have paid you—therefore you have nothing to fear." "Faults," replied the man, "I know of no faults except two." "What are they?" "Why, sir, he is hard to catch." "I do not mind that," said he, "if he be the devil. But what is the other fault?" (rejoined he with some impatience).—"Ah! sir," replied the lodge, (scratching his pate)—"He is good for nothing when you have catched him."

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make game of me."

An Epitaph out of a church-yard in Dorsetshire, answered by a gentleman, on the Widow's marriage again in a fortnight.

EPITAPH.
For me decess'd, weep not, my dear,
I am not dead, but sleepeth here:
Your time will come, prepare to die:
Wait but a while, you'll follow I.

ANSWER.
I am not grieved, my dearest life;
Sleep on—I've got another wife:
And therefore cannot come to thee:
For I must go to bed to thee.

STATE OF MAINE.

House of Representatives,
Feb. 7, 1825.

The committee to whom was referred a bill entitled "an Act respecting the conveyance of heavy loads on wheel Carriages, to and from the town of Portland," Report the same as taken in a new draft to be published three weeks at least, in all the newspapers, printed in the State, the last publication to be three months before the session of the next Legislature, and that the further consideration of this subject be referred to the next Legislature.

WILLIAM VANCE.

Read and accepted.
Sent up for concurrence.
JOHN RUGGLES, Speaker.
Senate, February 12, 1825.
Read and concurred.
JONAS WHEELER, President.

(NEW DRAFT.)

STATE OF MAINE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.

AN ACT for the preservation of Highways.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That after the first day of May which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, resident within this State, to transport or convey over or upon any public highway, in any cart, wagon, or other vehicle upon wheels, any load weighing more than one ton, unless each of the rims of the wheels of such cart, wagon, or vehicle shall be of the width of seven inches at least; and if any person shall offend against the provision of this act, he shall forfeit the sum of five dollars for each and every offence, to the use of the town in which such load may be so conveyed and drawn, to be sued for and recovered in an action of debt by the Treasurer of such town, before any Justice of the Peace not an inhabitant of the town to whose use such forfeitures accrue.

CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF MAINE.
Experimental Class No. 3.

\$10,000 Highest Prize.

SCHEME.		
1 PRIZE	of \$10,000 is	\$10,000
1 PRIZE	of 3,000 is	3,000
2 PRIZES	of 1,000 is	2,000
2 PRIZES	of 500 is	1,000
5 PRIZES	of 200 is	1,000
16 PRIZES	of 100 is	1,600
20 PRIZES	of 50 is	1,000
50 PRIZES	of 20 is	1,000
177 PRIZES	of 10 is	1,770
2726 PRIZES	of 5 is	13,630
3,000		36,000

TICKETS and PARTS in the above Lottery, in a great variety of numbers, for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

Present price—Wholes \$4 50, Halves \$3 37 1-2, Quarters \$1 25, Eighths 62 1-2 cents, Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in the County of Oxford, on Saturday the 23d day of July next, at three of the clock in the afternoon, by license from the Judge of Probate for said County, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Willis and Sylvester Willis, minor children of SETH WILLIS, late of Paris, deceased, to one sixth part of the real estate which was formerly occupied by Nathaniel Willis, as heir to his late father, John Willis, as will produce the sum of ninety dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said minors and the incidental charges.

JOHN DANIELS, Jr. Guardian.

Paris, June 15, 1825.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE: Thatcher's Journal of the American Revolution; Life of James Otis; Everett's View of Europe; Bancroft's Greece; Elements of Drawing, &c. Also—An excellent stereotype edition of the New Testament, for schools; Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Books, &c.

Paris, June 16.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having agreed with the Overseers of the Poor for the support of BERRY COLBY—this is to inform all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date, as she has absconded from the town of Rumford.

Rumford, June 14, 1825.

JOSEPH BERRY.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Orders for any quantity executed at short notice.

Portland, Feb. 15.—(if 34)

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE: Lectures on the Doctrine of Universal Benevolence. By Abner Kneeland.

The New Testament, translated from the Greek of Griesbach. By Abner Kneeland.

Also—Minutes of a discussion on the question, Is the punishment of the wicked eternal? or is it only a temporal punishment in this world for their good, and to be succeeded by eternal happiness after death? Between Rev. A. Kneeland and Rev. W. L. McCalla.

Bailou's Treatise on Atonement. Bailou's Review. Rely's Union. Several Sermons, delivered by different preachers of the denomination called Universalists—&c. &c.

Paris, June 9.

PILLS, DROPS, OINTMENT, &c.

JUST received, for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Doan's Rheumatic Pills; Lee's Catarrhical Pills; Relf's Asthmatic Pills; Relf's Catarrhical Drops; Andrews's Cough Drops; Improved...

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

CYRIL SMITH and UXOR, administrators on the estate of JAMES TRASK, late of Dixfield, deceased, having presented their fifth account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dixfield, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

JONATHAN FRYE, administrator on the estate of JAMES FRYE, late of Summer, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

JOSHUA WHITMAN, administrator on the estate of SAMUEL GORHAM, late of Turner, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Turner, in said County, on the sixth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

SYLVESTER JONES, of Turner, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of SYLVESTER JONES, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Turner, in said County, on the sixteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

BETSEY TILTON, of Livermore, named executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of WARD TILTON, late of Livermore, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Betsey Tilton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Livermore, in said County, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Summer. NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots or parcels of Land, lying in Summer, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, viz:

Owner's Name.	Tax.	Rate.	Do. Reg. &c.
Unknown.	3 20	40	3
Unknown.	5 3	63	1 31
Unknown.	8 100	2 37	2 32
Warner, South half.	12 5	68	1 74
Joseph Barrett, S. half.	7 4	49	1 70
Joseph Barrett, S. half.	9 4	80	3 55

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the thirtieth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, a much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, at Smith's Store, in said Summer, as will discharge the same.

SILAS COBURN.

Collector of Summer for 1824.

Summer, June 30, 1825.

52

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON.

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement by and the amount charged for its insertion.

One at un- King, ground, proceed